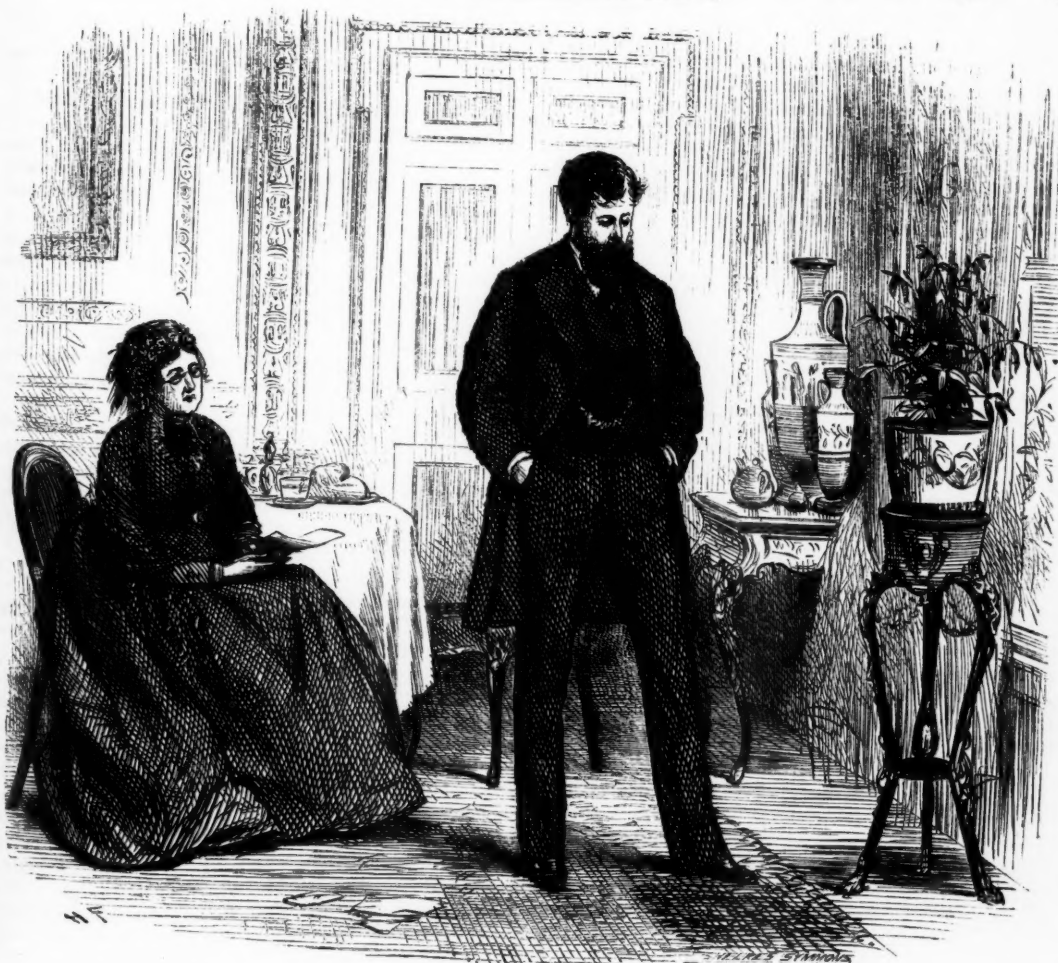


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



PUZZLED.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XL.—THE DISMISSAL AND ITS EFFECTS.

AT the breakfast-table Mrs. Ashworth's placid countenance wore this morning an unusual look of anxiety; yet she talked calmly enough upon general topics to her son, who, seated opposite, was silently finishing his breakfast, leaving all the conversation to his mother. Two or three opened letters lay before him, from which he selected one for a

No. 1225.—JUNE 19, 1875.

second perusal, laid it down when read, and then asked his mother what she was saying.

"That is from Hope, is it not?"

"Yes."

Not only the monosyllable, but his whole manner, indicated that something was wrong.

"There is no letter from Tarleton," observed Mrs. Ashworth.

"No occasion for one," replied Piers, shortly, helping himself to another egg and chipping it

B B

PRICE ONE PENNY.

carefully. "I said I would go down to-morrow. Of course I am expected."

"Dear little Hope," began Mrs. Ashworth. "It is very singular that the wish of her heart, resigned, too, with such sweet grace for your sake, should now be realised. How happy she will be to spend her life in Tarleton," she continued, keeping her eye steadily on the serious, moody face of her son, who, however, made no response.

"I am sure she will be happy there, and you too, I hope, after a time. These dark Providences chill at first, especially when only regarded through the medium of human regret. We can understand them so little, and must accept so much without examination, because, turn events over as we will, we can only take a partial view of them. Besides, different minds arrive at different conclusions, and are influenced more or less by the affections. We rarely see the wherefore of the dispensations sent us until their appointed work is done. Most of us, when making plans for the future, acknowledge with a careless word or phrase the uncertain tenure we have of everything here, but few realise it. Such a loss as we have had in Ray takes us all by surprise. The change, I sincerely believe, is a gain to him. I dare not even surmise what it may be to others; I trust not a snare."

Piers, who had not appeared to be paying much attention to his mother's observations, now looked up quickly, and asked abruptly, "A snare to whom?"

Without waiting for an answer, he said, "I know it is a grief to me—a real grief. I was satisfied with my lot as it stood, and had no wish to change it, nor am I more reconciled to my present position than I was five weeks ago. I would rather make my fortune than inherit it, especially in such a way as I am doing now. To myself I shall ever seem an usurper, a stranger in the halls of another. Every room in the manor, every tree, every shrub in the park, will remind me of Ray—of his much-enduring affection, for which I can never now make a return. If he had but left a child! You will believe me, mother, though the world may not—I wish he had left a son. I cannot understand why all this has happened. I am lost in attempting it."

"We must exercise faith in a wisdom higher than our own. Without that we shall drift hopelessly astray. With it we may draw good from evil; without it, neither good fortune nor bad is of any other use than to show us our poverty of spirit. Whilst we regard the events of our lives as fortuitous circumstances we have only the sorrow and none of the benefit."

"I wonder what good is to come out of this," grumbled Piers. "It seems to me that no one is pleased; I am not, and I am sure Mrs. Ray Ashworth cannot be."

"In this world I do not think we see the full meaning of our troubles," returned Mrs. Ashworth. "It is especially with regard to them that we look through a glass darkly. For a clear vision and a perfect comprehension, we must wait God's time. He has an intention in all his dealings with his children. That is enough for them to know; the rest comes under the head of duty. Special duties are assigned to every situation. We are quite as un-dutiful when we refuse his gifts, because they come to us by a sorrowful road, as when we murmur against a chastening Providence."

Though Piers made no remark in reply, he did not

surrender himself to his mother's reasoning. His next observation was that he should let the manor.

"You will not do that, I trust, without consulting Hope," said Mrs. Ashworth. "You would be depriving her of a great amount of happiness. I should be very sorry to think that her gentle, self-sacrificing character was forgotten by you."

"I shall never prevent Hope Wallis from living at Tarleton," was the reply, and in a tone so hard that Mrs. Ashworth, already disturbed about Hope's prospects, looked at him uneasily. She thought he seemed angry. This addition of the surname was quite unusual. No one in the family ever called her anything but Hope; the servants even did the same with the preface of "Miss."

Vouchsafing no verbal answer to her mute interrogation, Piers rose, and tossing Hope's letter towards his mother, busied himself with examining the others. He was standing at a little distance from the window, which was wide open to admit as much air as possible into the room. It was an August day, and very warm.

"Well, mother," said he, throwing down the other letters and turning towards her with his hands deeply dived into his pockets, apparently disposed both to listen and to talk. "It does not appear that Tarleton has any overpowering attraction for her," he continued, as Mrs. Ashworth remained silent from surprise, "or else she is a very cold unimpressible little thing, that has deceived us all."

"We know that she once thought it possible to be influenced on a very important occasion by the idea of passing her life at Tarleton. You had your most formidable rival on that very point."

Mrs. Ashworth again perused the letter, and after dwelling upon it awhile, evidently to her own dissatisfaction, she asked her son to explain it.

"I know no more about it than you seem to do. In fact, supposing you were in her confidence, I looked to you for an explanation."

"You have had some misunderstanding?"

"None whatever."

"And she gives no reason for breaking off the engagement?"

"Not the shadow of one," returned Piers.

"Under other circumstances we might have supposed that her courage failed her, and that she could not make up her mind to go to India."

"It cannot be that. It cannot be that," repeated Piers. "With the prospect before her of living at Tarleton, she yet throws me over."

"How did you part?" asked Mrs. Ashworth.

"I have no recollection. I was too much cut up about Ray to think of anything else, and I supposed her to be the same. We certainly had no misunderstanding—quite the contrary. We were never better friends."

"Then how do you account for this letter?"

"I cannot account for it," he replied, "except by an explanation unworthy of Hope, and so inconsistent with my estimation of her character, that, were I to admit it, she would lose her principal attractions, truthfulness and simplicity—I mean caprice."

"That would not be like our little Hope. No motive which she does not think a right one actuates her, I am sure," said Mrs. Ashworth, decidedly. "She would scorn a ruse even in self-defence."

"Then she is sincere in her rejection of me. I have sometimes doubted her affection," said Piers, gravely. "Twice it has been my fate to be refused

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by the woman of my preference. That little thing, too!—upon my word, I believe she thinks herself too good for me. I remember well how she rated me last year. The little minx, if I knew how to punish her, I would not spare her."

Though Piers endeavoured to treat the subject carelessly, he was evidently vexed and mortified. He began to walk up and down the room, dropping burlesque remarks upon his failures in inspiring a sincere attachment, and, stopping before the mirror, looked steadily into it.

"You will never find the explanation there," said Mrs. Ashworth with one of her sweet smiles.

Piers resumed his walk, glum and silent. He was more nettled than he cared to show.

"Facts speak for themselves; there can be nothing to Hope's discredit in this," pursued Mrs. Ashworth. "Unlike the astute and worldly wise, she accepted you when poor, and refuses you now that you are rich."

"I have not overlooked the circumstance with which you would impress me," answered Piers, reddening, though he met his mother's eye steadily. "There is a vast difference in everything between Clarice Hawtrey and Hope Wallis."

"What sort of letters have you been writing to Hope? if I may ask such a question without indiscretion," inquired Mrs. Ashworth, after a pause, her woman's instinct beginning to throw some light upon Hope's unexpected decision.

Piers thought of his aunt, and smiled as he replied, "Not such foolish ones as they might have been if my aunt's cynical observations had not been ringing in my ears, or if Hope had not been under her roof. Now I think of it, the correspondence on both sides was of an equally tame character, and might have been read in public. I often felt that Hope did not shine in the epistolary line as she does when you are with her."

"Did you tell her that you were going to the manor to pay a visit to the widow?"

"Undoubtedly. Why should I not? Her own sense would tell her that Mrs. Ray Ashworth and I must meet sooner or later. If Hope's trust in me cannot bear a necessity so obvious, she has done well to write that letter," said Piers with warmth. "The best interpretation you can put upon it will hardly be flattering to me."

"Her motive may be a noble one."

Piers laughed an unpleasant laugh.

Mrs. Ashworth persisted. "She knows what Clarice Hawtrey once was to you. I do believe that, in her humble appreciation of herself, she thinks the old love must be the most powerful, and from generosity of heart gives you the chance of shaping your life as you may really desire."

Such a view might be taken of her conduct, but Piers, with a perverseness rather dogged, took the one that vexed him most—her indifference to him. "Well," he remarked, perambulating the room again, "if this letter must come, I am glad it came to-day. I should never have thought of such a thing as even wishing to break off my engagement with Hope. I, of all men, could not be inconsistent, could not repeat in my own person the story enacted by Clarice and Ray, without ingratitude and dishonour. I have not been able to offer Hope the passionate love once addressed to Clarice Hawtrey, but I would have given her something more worthy of us both—a true, honest affection. Notwithstanding

the ingenious interpretation you put upon her letter, Hope does not rise in my opinion. She betrays either jealousy or distrust, and necessarily reflects either upon herself or me. However, what I could not do, I am not sorry that another has done for me. It is well that Clarice and I should meet so—both free, and, singular too, that it should be so."

"Free, do you say? Then what is the meaning of those fine sounding phrases about ingratitude and dishonour?" asked Mrs. Ashworth, warmly, no longer able to conceal her uneasiness.

"I consider that I shall go to my first interview with Mrs. Ray Ashworth free, disengaged—and I am glad to have it so," said Piers, decidedly.

"And what answer will you make to Hope's letter?"

"None at present."

"And you accept those few words as final, without remonstrance or explanation; you let her go—that priceless treasure, a pure, good character, endued with some of the sweetest qualities of woman. Piers, Piers, do not be so infatuated," said Mrs. Ashworth, entreatingly. "Remember that, when you had India in prospect, you thought the companionship of Hope sufficient to render your distant home all you desired. You told her so, often; you told others so. Do not be false to convictions founded on the solid foundation of an unbiassed judgment. Do not suffer yourself to be led away from the teachings of good sense to the gratification of a mere fancy. My son, my son! the weal or woe of a lifetime are in your choice. Would that I could be wise for you!"

Mrs. Ashworth clasped her hands together, and looking earnestly into his face, added solemnly—"A good wife," says the wise man, 'is from the Lord.' Remember, if you make a bad choice you must abide by it; you cannot change it."

"Oh, I dare say Hope Wallis would make a better wife than Clarice, if by better is meant the consulting of her husband's tastes and wishes, and also avoiding all provocations proceeding from petulance and temper; but, after all, the enjoyment of anything consists in the taste we have for it. I would rather find in Hope more tenacity of affection than what you term generosity."

"But the generosity I impute to her is based upon the noblest and most endearing of all affection, and is the most elevated phase of it. Seeking first the welfare of the object loved shows a devotion purified from the earthly taint which mars many of our best and highest efforts. Don't think coldly of a love of that kind. Be sure that it is the grandest of which human nature is capable. Rather, oh, much rather think little of that fitful passion, that fevered dream which, in its longest duration, is but short, far too fragile and transient to fill up the life of man. Believe me, Piers, there is no happiness like a union of ennobling affection where two walk together through life in the fond trust and confidence that knows neither change nor variation—nor," she added sadly, while a tear from a long-closed source strayed down her faded cheek—"nor is there any sorrow like its loss."

Piers' heart was touched. It was so seldom that Mrs. Ashworth looked backward in her life's history. Her long widowhood had been one of un murmuring resignation, but he also knew that her married life had been a happy one. Going to her, he caressed her tenderly, first her hand, then her cheek. "Listen, dear mother," said he. "If Hope were here and

expressed one word of regret for having written that letter, I would tear it up immediately; but, I repeat, I am not sorry to meet this formidable Clarice a free man, unfettered by any engagement, and to do that, I must tell you that I accept Hope's decision. I have now no matrimonial intentions of any kind."

"You are going into danger," persisted Mrs. Ashworth.

"Be it so. I wish to test myself. Mrs. Ray Ashworth is too recently a widow for my presence to affect her."

The most uncharitable thought that Mrs. Ashworth ever had, presented itself now—"And the foolish fellow does not see that he occupies the same position that poor Ray did, and is possessed of the same worldly advantages."

Perhaps Piers read her countenance, for it was turned towards him, and strong feelings often make to themselves an electric passage from one mind to another. Be that as it may, he rapidly gathered up his letters, Hope's among the rest, and, without volunteering another remark, left the room, nor did he refer again to the subject throughout the day.

The following morning the post brought Mrs. Ashworth a letter from Ada, containing this paragraph: "Our dear little Hope will soon be as much of an invalid as myself if something is not done. Tell Captain Ashworth that if he does not come shortly to look after his property, I will not answer for its safety."

Unhappily for the calming of Mrs. Ashworth's anxiety, Piers had left for Tarleton before the post came in.

THE PALACES OF OLD LONDON.

BY THE LATE JOHN TIMBS.

II.—ST. JAMES'S.

THE royal parish of St. James's, although not two centuries old, dating from its dedication, takes its name from the Hospital of St. James, believed to have been founded prior to the Norman Conquest, and re-built as a palace in 1532. The ground had previously formed part of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and occupied the farthest extremity of the western boundaries of Westminster. In the reign of Queen Anne it had acquired the distinction of the Court Quarter, of whose population Addison gives this distinction:—"The inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together" ("Spectator," No. 403).

St. James's Palace was built by Henry VIII, after he had obtained the Hospital. He "purchased all the meadows about St. James's, and there made a fine mansion and a park for his greater commoditie and pleasure" (*Holinshed*). The Sutherland view shows the Palace in the fields. The Manor House, as it was then called, was built under the direction of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Henry's gate-house and turrets face St. James's Street. The original hospital, to judge from the many remains of stone, mullions, labels, and other masonry, found in 1838, on taking down some parts of the Chapel Royal, was

of the Norman period. The stream of events ran away from St. James's during the reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth; but Mary made it the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain: here she expired. With the race of the Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The Manor House, as the Palace was still called, was granted, except the park and the stables, or the mews, by James I to his son, Henry, in 1610. Charles I enlarged the Palace, and most of his children (including Charles II) were born here. Here he deposited the gallery of antique statues, principally collected for him by Sir Kenelm Digby. In this reign was fitted up the chapel of the hospital, on the west side. Here Charles I attended divine service on the morning of his execution, "and from hence the King walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans, to Whitehall" (*Whitelock*). The Queen's Chapel, now the German Chapel, was built for Catharine of Braganza, in the friary of the conventual establishment founded here by her Majesty, under the direction of Cardinal Howard. Pepys describes "the fine altar ornaments, the fryers in their habits, and the priests with their fine crosses, and many other fine things."

At St. James's House Monk resided while planning the Restoration. In the old bedchamber, now the antichamber to the levée room, was born James (the old Pretender), the son of James II, by Mary of Modena. During the Civil Wars, St. James's became the prison-house, for nearly three years, of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth; and on April 20, 1648, the Duke of York escaped from the Palace Garden into the park, through the Spring Garden, to a hackney coach in waiting for him, and in female disguise he reached a Dutch vessel below Gravesend. After the Restoration, the Duke occupied St. James's, slept here the night before his coronation, and next morning proceeded to Whitehall.

On December 18, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, came to St. James's, where, three days afterwards, the peers assembled, and the household and other officers of the abdicated sovereign laid down their badges. Evelyn says: "All the world goes to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great court. There I saw him: he is very stately and reserved." King William occasionally held councils here, but he chiefly resided at Kensington. St. James's was next fitted up for George, Prince of Denmark, and the Princess Anne, who, on her accession to the throne, considerably enlarged the palace. George I, who "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it," lived here like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. He had his evening parties for cards, or he went to the play or music in a sedan-chair, and sat in his box with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms in waiting. In 1727 this King gave a banquet here to the entire Court of Common Council. George II resided much at the palace. We get a view of the old gateway in 1735 from one of Hogarth's prints, with the quaint carriages and chairs arriving on a royal birthday. His consort, Queen Caroline, died here in 1737. The state rooms were enlarged on the accession of George III, whose marriage was celebrated here September 6, 1761. George IV was born here, and shortly afterwards the Queen's bed was removed to the great drawing-room, and company

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were admitted to see the infant prince on drawing-room days. The court was held here during the reign of George III, though his domestic residence was at the Queen's, or Buckingham House. St. James's was refitted on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, April 8, 1795, in the Chapel Royal. The east wing of the palace, including several private apartments, was destroyed by fire in January, 1809, and not rebuilt. In 1814, state apartments were fitted up for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia; and in a dingy brick building on the west side of the Ambassadors' Court was lodged Marshal Blücher, who would frequently sit at the drawing-room windows, and smoke and bow to the people, pleased with the notice that was taken of him. In January, 1827, the remains of the Duke of York lay in state in the palace. George IV resided but little here, but he kept up the state rooms. William IV and Queen Adelaide resided here, but since the accession of her present Majesty, St. James's has been but rarely used, except for courts, levées, and drawing-rooms. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal, February 10, 1840; and the Princess Royal of England to the Prince Royal of Prussia, January 25, 1858.

In the Great Council Chamber, before the King and Queen, were formerly performed and sung the odes of the poets-laureate; and still on the first drawing-room day of each season, certain of the scholars of Christ's Hospital present to her Majesty their charts and other exercises, as proofs of their efficiency.

The lofty brick gate-house bears upon its roof the bell of the great clock, dated A.D. 1731; it strikes the hours and quarters upon three bells, and requires to be wound up every day; originally it had but one hand. This clock was under the care of the Vulliamys, the royal clockmakers, for more than a century. The late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy related to the writer, that when the gate-house was repaired in 1831, the clock was removed and not put up again, on account of the roof being reported unsafe to carry the weight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood thereupon memorialised William IV for the replacement of the time-keeper. The King, having ascertained its weight, shrewdly inquired how, if the palace roof was not strong enough to carry the clock, it was safe for the number of persons occasionally seen upon the roof to witness processions to the palace. The clock was forthwith replaced, and a minute hand was added, with new dials; the original dials were of wainscot, in a great number of very small pieces, curiously dovetailed together.

By the gate-house you enter the Colour Court, so named from the colours of the military guard of honour being placed here. In this court, one of the three regiments of foot guards is relieved alternately every morning at eleven o'clock, when the keys of the garrison are delivered, and the regimental standard exhibited during the performance of bands of music.

The state apartments are reached by the great staircase, the *entrée* gallery, and the guard-chamber; the walls of the latter covered by weapons in fanciful devices. Here are stationed the Yeomen of the Queen's Guard, and the honours of the guard-chamber are paid to distinguished personages on *levée* and drawing-room days. George III held drawing-rooms very frequently. To quote the "Court Guide" of 1792, "The King's *levée* days are Wednesday and Friday, and likewise Monday during the sitting

of Parliament; his drawing-room days every Sunday and Thursday."

Beyond the guard-chamber is the tapestry room, hung with gorgeous tapestry made for Charles II, representing the amours of Venus and Mars. The stone Tudor arch of the fireplace is sculptured with the initials "H. A." (Henry and Anne Boleyn), united by a true lovers' knot, and surmounted by a royal crown; also the lily of France, the portcullis of Westminster, and the rose of Lancaster. In the next chamber the sovereigns are received, on the death of their predecessors, by the Privy Council, and from the bay window of the room are proclaimed and presented to the people in the outer court, where are the sergeants-at-arms and band of household trumpeters.

The presence-chamber, or throne-room, in which *levées* and drawing-rooms are held, is gorgeously gilt and hung with crimson damask, brocade, and velvet, embroidered with gold; and the throne is stately and emblazoned with arms.

The collection of pictures in the state apartments includes large paintings of the Siege of Tournay and the Siege of Lisle by the Duke of Marlborough; portraits of Sovereigns, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; beauties of the Court of Charles II, copied from those at Hampton Court; Lord Nelson, St. Vincent, and Rodney, by Hoppner; George IV and the Duke of York, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the Battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, by G. Jones. In the *entrée* gallery are these portraits: Henry VIII, reputed by Holbein; Queen Mary; Queen Elizabeth, by Zuccero; James I and Charles I, by Vandyke; and Charles II, James II, and William and Mary. Here George IV assembled a fine collection of pictures, to which were added, in 1828, Hadyn's "Mock Election," purchased of the painter for 500 guineas.

The sovereign usually enters by the garden-gate from St. James's Park; and it was here, on the 2nd of August, 1796, that Margaret Nicholson attempted to assassinate George III as he was alighting from his carriage.

Eastward of the gate-house is the office of the Lord Steward, and named from the table at which the Lord Steward and his officers usually sit. The "Verge of Court," or jurisdiction, extended twelve miles round the residence of the sovereign, and was first defined by Richard II, and all committals were made to the Marshalsea. To the board belonged the sole right of arresting within the limits and jurisdiction of the Palace. Offences were punished with great severity. Striking in the King's court was punished with loss of the right hand, and forfeiture of all lands and goods. King Edward VI notices in his diary the committal "to ward" of "the Lord of Bergavenny, for striking the Earl of Oxford in the Chamber of Presence." William, Earl of Devonshire (the patriot earl, and afterwards the first duke), was fined in the sum of £30,000 for caning Colonel Colepepper and pulling his nose in the Vane Chamber of Whitehall. "It is to be noted," says Sir John Bramston, "that this Colepepper had struck the earl some months since in the same or in the next room, and was tried for it at the Verge, and was sentenced to lose his hand, and was, at the great instance of the earl, pardoned." Bramston says that the sum was only £3,000. The name of "Blackguard" is said to have originated in the office of the Board of Green Cloth, the meanest drudges in royal residences, who carried coals, being

called the "Blackguards." The term was afterwards applied to vicious, idle, and masterless boys and rogues (Gifford's "Ben Jonson"), and was so used, Mr. Cunningham found, by the books in the Board of Green Cloth, as early as 1683, if not before.

The original Warrant book has this entry in 1681: "Order this day was given that the Maides of Honour should have Cherry Tarts instead of Gooseberry Tarts, it being observed that cherrys are at threepence per pound." The same books show that Henry, Duke of Kent, when Lord Steward, in the reign of George III, had £100 allowed him, and sixteen dishes daily at each meal, with wine and beer. The dishes have been done away with, and the income of the Lord Steward is now a settled salary. Mr. Cunningham adds, that the poets-laureate used to receive their annual tierce of Canary from this office. Cibber was the last who took the tierce: and since his time, the Lord Steward has paid the poets-laureate an annual allowance (£27) in lieu of wine. Mrs. Centlivre's husband was "Yeoman of the Month" to King George I, an office formerly held under the Board of Green Cloth. The making of plum broth, or porridge, called *hackin*, belonged to the Board; it was eaten as soup at Christmas at St. James's Palace during the reign of George III, and a portion of it was sent to different officers of his Majesty's household. Brand, the antiquary, tells us that when he dined at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace on Christmas day, 1806, the first thing served and eaten was a tureen of rich, luscious plum porridge. The following were the ingredients: leg of veal, 4lb.; 6 shins of beef; 50 fourpenny loaves; 60lb. double refined sugar; 150 lemons and oranges; 6 dozen sack; 6 dozen old hock; 6 dozen sherry; 40lb. raisins; 40lb. currents; 30lb. prunes; 2 ounces cochineal; 1 ounce nutmeg; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cinnamon; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cloves. The plum broth and minced, or *shred*, pie being compounded of spices, fruit, etc., were in token of the offerings of the Eastern Magi. The Puritans were bitterly averse to these dainties in connection with the season.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

The original mansion was purchased by William III in 1691, of Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. It was altered for the King, but Evelyn describes it as "a patched-up building." In November following, the house was nearly destroyed by fire, and King William narrowly escaped being burned in his bed. Wren and Hawkinson built the King's Gallery and the south front; the eastern front was added by Kent, for George I; the north wing is part of old Nottingham House. The entire Palace is of crimson brick, with stone finishings, and consists of three courts. Its decoration was superintended by Queen Mary; and it was next fitted up for Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark; for her luxurious Majesty, the north of the Palace building was fitted as a drawing-room, music-room, and ball-room; and here were given full-dress fêtes, à la Watteau, with a profusion of brocaded robes, fly-caps, and fans, songs by the court lyrist, etc. Kent added to the Palace the cupola-room and the great staircase, the latter painted with court portraits, oddly amidst Yeomen of the Guard, pages, a Quaker, two Turks in the suite of George I, and Peter the Wild Boy! Some of the twelve State apartments are hung with tapestry, and have painted ceilings, one copied from Herculeanum;

a fresco, after Raphael; carvings by Gibbons, some wholly destroyed; sculpture by Rysbrack, etc. The green closet was the private closet of William IV, and contained his writing-table and escritoire; the patchwork closet had its walls and chair-seats covered with tapestry, worked by Queen Mary. King William held councils in the Palace. George II and Queen Caroline passed most of their time here; and during the King's absence on the Continent, the Queen held at Kensington a court every Sunday. In this Palace died Queen Mary and King William, Queen Anne and Prince George; and George II, suddenly, of a rupture of the right ventricle of the heart. George III did not reside in the Palace. A suite of rooms was fitted up for the Princess of Wales and her aged mother, the Duchess of Brunswick. The south-eastern apartments were occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent; and here, May 24th, 1819, was born Queen Victoria; christened here, June 24th following; and June 20th, 1837, her Majesty held here her first council, which has been painted by Wilkie, R.A. The south wing of the older part of the Palace was occupied by the Duke of Sussex, who died here, April 21st, 1843. Here the Duke, during twenty-five years, had collected his celebrated library, numbering nearly 50,000 printed books or mss., including nearly 300 theological mss. (tenth to fifteenth centuries) and 500 early printed books, relating to the Holy Scriptures; Greek and Latin Bibles, the latter, 200 editions; Bibles in other languages, 1,200 editions. The theological collection filled an apartment 100 feet in length; and here, seated in a curtained chair, the Duke passed the life of a toil-worn student. While president of the Royal Society, the Duke gave his annual *conversazione* here.

In the Palace was formerly deposited, by William III, the greater part of the royal collection of paintings collected by Henry VIII. It was much augmented by Queen Caroline, but subsequently the finest pictures were removed to Windsor and elsewhere in 1813. There were, however, more than 600 pictures, which were exhibited to the public. Few now remain; but in the southern apartments is a collection of 102 Byzantine, early Italian, German, and Flemish pictures; curious specimens of sacred art, triptychs, altar-pieces, and other works of primitive design and elaborate antiquity. When the Court resided at the Palace, there was a military parade, and the royal standard was hoisted, daily.

Kensington Gardens, which in our time included 350 acres, did not, when purchased by William III, exceed twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, and in her reign the Palace stood in the midst of fruit and pleasure gardens, between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads.

Addison, in the "Spectator," dignified London and Wise as the heroic poets of gardening, for their forming the upper garden out of a gravel pit, with little plantations and a circular mount of trees. Tickell thus describes the morning promenade of his day.

"The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air;
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
May breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walks with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow."

Caroline, Queen of George II, formed the Serpentine, dividing the Palace grounds from the open Hyde Park by a sunken fosse and wall, thus adding 300 acres to the Gardens. With the soil dug was raised a mount to the south-east, with a revolving prospect house, which lasted to our time; the *ha-ha* has been filled up. Kensington Gardens long maintained their rural character, and we read of the keepers hunting foxes here in 1798. Of late years the Gardens have been much improved by drainage and re-laying out walks and rides; an Italian garden, with fountains and sculptures; new and rare shrubs, etc. The most picturesque portion is at the entrance from near the elegant stone bridge, across the Serpentine, designed by Sir John Rennie in 1826, cost £36,500. Magnificent Coalbrookdale iron gates (from the Great Exhibition of 1851) have been erected on the southern side. And on the west side the kitchen gardens have been cleared away to form Kensington Palace Gardens road from Kensington to Notting Hill, flanked with handsome mansions, including one in the Queen Anne style, built for Mr. Thackeray. By the formation of this road the Gardens were reduced to 261 acres; but they are much finer than in King William's time, when they were only opened to the public on Saturdays, when the King's Court went to Richmond; all visitors were then required to appear in full dress. Crabbe used to say, the Gardens were not exhilarating, yet alive and pleasant; and, amid much change, they retain something of this effect.

Kensington gravel is of European repute. At the gardens at Versailles, and Caserta, near Naples, the walks have been supplied from Kensington gravel-pits. Sir Charles Lyell tells us, this yellow gravel, so often found covering the London clay, is, comparatively speaking, of very modern date, and consists of slightly rolled, and for the most part angular fragments, in which portions of the white opaque coating of the original chalk flint remain uncovered.

PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

That part of Westminster which extends from near Charing Cross to Cannon Row, and from the Thames to St. James's Park, was the site of the royal Palace of Whitehall from 1530 to 1697. It was formerly called York Place, from having been the town residence of the Archbishops of York, one of whom, Walter de Grey, purchased it in 1248 from the Convent of Black Friars of Holborn, to which it had been bequeathed by Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciary of England, and famous minister of Henry III, who had bought the inheritance from the monks of Westminster for 140 marks of silver. The property was conveyed by Walter de Grey to his successors in the see of York. Cardinal Wolsey was the last Archbishop of York by whom the Palace was inhabited; he built extensively, and "lived a long season" here, in sumptuous state.

Here Henry and Anne Boleyn were married, and here their coronation took place. Henry built a noble stone gallery, from which, in 1539, he reviewed 15,000 armed citizens. From this gallery the court witnessed the jousts and tournaments in the Tilt-yard, now the parade-ground of the Horse Guards. The King "most sumptuously and curiously builded many beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, buildings, and mansions;" and added a tennis-court,

bowling-alleys, and a cock-pit, "for his pastime and solace."

The Palace was seven years in building, and in 1536 (the old Palace of Edward the Confessor having been in utter ruin and decay since the fire in 1512) it was enacted by Parliament that all the ground, mansion and buildings, the park, and the entire space between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary at Westminster, from the Thames on the east side to the park wall westward, should be cleared and called the King's Palace of Westminster. Here Henry VIII assembled many pictures, which afterwards became the nucleus of the splendid collection of Charles I. Henry made munificent proposals to Raphael and Titian, and the former painted for him a "St. George." The King also took into his service Hans Holbein, and gave him apartments at Whitehall, with a pension, besides paying him for his pictures. Holbein built, opposite the entrance to the Tilt-yard, a magnificent gate-house, of small squared stones and flint boulder, glazed and tessellated. On each front were four terra-cotta busts, naturally coloured and gilt.

In the orchard of Whitehall the Lords in Council met, and in the garden James I knighted 300 or 400 judges, serjeants, doctors of laws, etc. In 1617, when James visited Scotland, Lord Keeper Passer resided at Whitehall. James I, in 1608, had "the old, rotten, light-built banqueting-house" removed, and next year rebuilt, but it was destroyed in 1619. In this reign were produced many "most glorious masques" by Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson.

Remains of ancient Whitehall have been from time to time discovered. In 1831 Mr. Sydney Smirke, F.S.A., in the basement of "Cromwell House," Whitehall Yard, found a stone-built and groined Tudor apartment—undoubtedly a relic of Wolsey's palace, and corresponding with the wine-cellar in Vertue's plan—which is characteristically larger than the chapel. Mr. Smirke also found a Tudor arched doorway, with remains of the arms of Wolsey and the see of York in the spandrels; a portion of the river-wall and circular bastions, and two stone mulioned Tudor windows, at the back of the Almonry Office, corresponding with the back wall of the apartments of "the Yeoman of the Wood-yard" in Vertue's plan. In 1847 were removed the last remains of York House, a Tudor embattled doorway, which had been built into a later façade of the Treasury ("Archæologia," vol. xxv.).

The mansion was sold in 1809 for £12,000 to the Earl of Liverpool, who possessed it until his death in 1828. In an adjoining wall is the Tudor arched entrance to the palace water-stairs. In Privy Garden was the celebrated museum formed by the Duchess of Portland; here Pennant was shown a rich pearl surmounted with a crown, which was taken out of the ear of Charles I after his head was struck off. Here also was the Barberina, or Portland Vase, purchased by the Duchess of Sir William Hamilton for 1,800 guineas. The museum was sold by auction, in lots, April 24, 1786, when the vase was bought by the Duke of Portland for 1,029 guineas, and deposited by his grace in the British Museum in 1810.

Of Jones's magnificent design only the banqueting house was completed. Charles I commissioned Rubens to paint the ceiling, and by his agency obtained the Cartoons of Rubens. In the cabinet-room of the Palace, built also by Inigo Jones, Charles assembled pictures of almost incalculable value, the

royal collection containing almost 460 paintings. Upon the Civil War breaking out, Whitehall was seized by the Parliament, who, in 1645, had "the boarded masque house" pulled down, and a great part of the paintings and statues, and burnt the "superstitious pictures."

Cromwell, by vote of Parliament in 1650, had "the use of the lodging called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park," for some time before he assumed the supreme power. To Whitehall, in 1653, April 20th, he returned with the keys in his pocket, after dissolving the Long Parliament, which he subsequently explained to the Little or Barebones Parliament assembled in the Council Chamber of Whitehall. Here the Parliament desired Cromwell to "magnify himself with the title of King;" here Milton was Cromwell's Latin Secretary, Andrew Marvell his frequent guest, with Waller his friend and kinsman, and sometimes the youthful Dryden. Cromwell repurchased the Cartoons and many other

pictures, and in 1656 Evelyn found the Palace "very glorious and well-furnished." Here Cromwell expired, September 3rd, 1658, "the double day of victory and death." Richard Cromwell resided here.

Charles II, at the Restoration, came in grand procession of seven hours from the City to Whitehall. To the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury Charles assigned the Cockpit, and in this locality their chambers have ever since remained. Charles collected by proclamation the plate, hangings, and paintings which had been pillaged from the palace; he also built a stone gallery to flank Privy Garden, and below it suites of apartments for his "Beauties." Evelyn describes the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments, "twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures."

Buckingham Palace we do not include in this series of papers. It has no claim to rank among the ancient palaces of London, for it was built within the present century.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE can hardly have been a period in the history of mankind when Caricature in some phase or other did not exist. Caricature, as the etymology of the word shows, is simply overloading or exaggeration, and if it has come to mean that kind of exaggeration which provokes laughter, it furnishes but one of a thousand instances in which a word of general import has become limited to a special signification. Man has been described as the laughing animal, and, whether the description be good or bad, it is certain that in all times he has delighted in laughing at his fellow-man. The most ancient literature abounds with proof of this, and similar proof is found in the most ancient remains of art. The monuments of Assyria and Egypt, and other relics and records preserved in our modern museums, teem with representations, grotesque or ridiculous, which were evidently intended by their artists as satires against the vices or follies prevalent in the society of their day. Thus, on portions of papyrus which are said by archaeologists to date from the time of Moses, there are grotesque drawings of animals which are unmistakably caricatured; while in some of the early paintings at Thebes there are others as plainly holding up to ridicule the foibles, misfortunes, or mishaps incidental to humanity. Among the Greeks, who, as every one knows, brought the nobler arts to perfection, it is not likely that caricature was wanting, though their sculptures and bas-reliefs show little if any trace of it. The broad and audacious satire of Aristophanes, one would say, must have had its correlative in some form or other of pictorial or plastic art; and accordingly we find what we seek in the pottery that has come down to us. Such specimens are mostly parodies on mythological subjects, in some of which the gods themselves are treated with ridicule and irony.

Of the addiction of the Romans to a species of caricature evidence is found in the wall-paintings of Pompeii and Herculaneum. One of these, which is exceedingly clever, and not without a sort of pathos notwithstanding its absurdity, is a grotesque rendering of the escape of Æneas from burning Troy,

bearing his father on his shoulder and leading his young son by the hand. The incident is one of the most touching in the "Æneid," and Virgil tells the story with a grace and feeling not to be surpassed. In the caricature, or travestie, Virgil's account is literally adhered to, but the three personages are represented in the form of monkeys. "Æneas, personified by the strong and vigorous animal, carrying the old monkey, Anchises, on his shoulder, hurries forward, and at the same time looks back on the burning city. With his right hand he drags along the boy Iulus, or Ascanius, who is evidently proceeding *non passibus equis*, and with difficulty keeps up with his father's pace. The boy wears a Phrygian bonnet, and holds in his right hand the instrument of play which we should now call a bandy—the pedum. Anchises has charge of the box which contains the sacred penates."

Other specimens of the Roman caricatures are the pigmy groups found on the walls of Pompeii. One of these, copied in Mr. Wright's "History of Grotesque and Caricature," represents the economy of a farm-yard; another is the interior of a painter's studio; and a third is a part of a triumphal procession. In all three of them the figures are pigmies, with great heads and little bodies, affording curious instances, as it appears to us, of the perpetuation of a ridiculous conceit. About two thousand years ago (these pictures tell us) it was deemed a funny thing to delineate men and women with abnormally large heads and diminutive limbs—and the same absurdity recommends itself to us moderns, for the same reason, that it always provokes our mirth. What is no less interesting in these pigmy paintings is the testimony they bear to the permanence of trifles which we would imagine little likely to last through so many generations. Thus, in the farm-yard the shepherd has his crook, and the serving-man bears a couple of pails suspended on a yoke, similar to that of the Parisian water-carrier of to-day, carried over the shoulders; and in the painter's studio the artist, having posed his subject at a due distance, sits at a modern easel, and has his colours on a slab before

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him, while his pupils are at their separate studies in other parts of the room. Further indications of the Roman feeling for burlesque are exemplified in the masks used by the Roman actors. Some of these are preposterous, some commonplace, and some repulsively hideous—all being considerably larger than life. In most of them the mouth is not only much enlarged, but in a manner protruded, so that it might have served in some sort as a speaking-trumpet to project the voice of the player to spectators seated at a distance. Looking to these masks, it is clear that a Roman audience could never have been charmed to admiration, or penetrated with emotion of any kind, by the expression of an actor's countenance.

Passing on to mediæval times, we find the spirit of caricature expressing itself in such materials as it had at its command, which, in default of copper-plates and printing-presses, were chiefly stone and wood. The stonemason who had wit or humour embodied his fancies in the material he wrought upon; and the worker in wood gave to the creatures of his imagination a palpable form from a like impulse. It was not always the architects of the Gothic structures which have so long been the pride and wonder of Europe, who determined what should be the character of their subordinate decorations; these were often the spontaneous inspirations of the workmen, whose religion it would seem was as much pagan as Christian, and who, judging by the works they have left, were allowed to give full play to their fancy, even when, as was often the case, it overleaped the bounds not only of propriety but of



Fig. 1.—FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

common decency. Not a few of the old carvings in cathedrals, whether in stone or wood, are embodiments of monstrous ugliness and sometimes of cruelty; others are the forms of demons or demoniac faces; and others again are representations of facts of sacred history in which the grotesque is only the result of the designer's ignorance of the rules of drawing and proportion.

One remarkable trait of the mediæval carvers was their partiality for the horrible as well as for the laughable, and their mingling together and their frequent alternations of the two. Proofs of this characteristic are plentiful enough in our own country, and may be looked for on the carved stalls of some of our old churches, or on their monumental bosses. A sample of the laughable is subjoined, taken from a stall in the church of Stratford-on-Avon. In the cathedral of Wells there is a series of ornamental bosses formed by faces writhing under the attacks of frightful dragons, who are fastening their fangs upon the lips, eyes and cheeks of their victims. We had marked an example of this kind for engraving, but on second thoughts deem it best to spare our readers the sight of it.

Ornaments of a more agreeable kind are not

wanting, some of which represent droll feats of skill or personal activity, or the puzzles one meets with in children's books. Mr. Wright gives one of the most clever. It consists apparently of but two figures,



Fig. 2.—FROM STALL IN NANTWICH CHURCH.

but they are so placed as to represent four different persons, as the reader will perceive on turning the page slowly round. It is taken from one of the curious seats in the cathedral of Rouen, in Normandy. In Winchester cathedral stalls are some singular carvings, in which the pig cuts a prominent figure. In one case the pig is playing on the fiddle, accompanied by another pig in the character of a vocalist. In a second instance piggy is playing on a double flute, at the same time suckling her piglings, all but one of them, who, with an appealing look upwards, seems to be a good deal disconcerted by the music.

At the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, when engraving began to be practised, and printing-



Fig. 3.—THE CONFESSIONAL.

presses multiplied copies, the domain of caricature was indefinitely enlarged, and the artist kept pace with the author in the new career thus opened to both. Our limits forbid us to expatiate on this very tempt-

ing field, where we might trace the rise and progress of the one species of art which more than any other has made mankind familiar with the modes of life and the habits of thinking and acting that prevailed among their forefathers. A brief notice of some few names which have left their indelible marks on the by-gone generations must suffice. Among the first results of the new facilities for the multiplication of the artist's productions was the publication of Brandt's "Ship of Fools," which was a compendious satire on various classes of society, dragging private follies into public view, and teeming with displays of practical humour peculiar to the time. The work consists of a succession of bold woodcuts, to each of which some homely verses are subjoined. The ship typifies the world, and into it are pouring in boat-loads the fools of every description with which the community abounds. The "Ship of Fools" made its appearance about the close of the fifteenth century. Early in the sixteenth Erasmus, on his return from Italy, wrote his famous "Praise of Folly," an outspoken and ludicrous satire on the manners, customs, and superstitions of his contemporaries, and supposed to be uttered by Folly herself. A copy of the book fell into the hands of Hans Holbein, who amused himself by drawing comical illustrations on the margins of the pages. These were subsequently published in many of the editions of the work, and are familiar to most curious readers; they are careless but clever designs, and are marked by a quaint kind of humour, but have not too close a connection with the text of the author.

During the era of the Reformation caricature as a weapon was resorted to by both Romanists and Protestants; the latter had the best of the contest from the simple fact that the character and antecedents of the former presented by far the most numerous subjects for the attacks of ridicule and sarcasm. The Papacy had been the standing object of mistrust and derision for generations before it was exposed to the assaults of Luther; for a long time it had been the butt of a large section even of its own adherents, and it was inevitable that a people who had contemptuously withdrawn their allegiance from it should avail themselves of any means that offered for inducing others to follow their example. Luther himself had vast resources of humour, and his friend Lucas Cranach, an artist of no mean powers, seconded him with characteristic energy. In 1521 he published "The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist," a series of pictures in which Christ, and the Pope as Antichrist, are compared in a succession of scenes, concluding with the ascension of Christ to heaven and the descent of Antichrist to hell.

About the middle of the sixteenth century flourished the celebrated Flemish painter Peter Brengel, known in his time as Peter the Droll. His was a most singular imagination united with a faculty equally singular. He caricatured, he could not help caricaturing, everything—men, women, children, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, and even inanimate things, and subjected each and all of them to the domination of his whimsical fancy. His chief delight seems to have been devils, demons, imps, witches, phantasms, goblins, fairies, sprites, and the supernatural in general; but all these together were not enough to satisfy his appetite for the odd and grotesque, so he invented new forms, and by the queerest combination of heads, legs, hands, feet, wings, fins, claws, tails, skulls, and fleshless skele-

tons, etc., produced a series of works of the most startling kind. One of his subjects was "The Temptation of St. Anthony," in which he makes ample use of his peculiar power; and another is a series of plates representing in a fantastic manner the Virtues and Vices.

In the year 1592 was born Jaques Callot, a name familiar to all lovers of art, and especially so to the connoisseurs and collectors of old engravings and etchings. Callot, it has often been asserted, was the most accomplished etcher the world has ever seen. Without endorsing this dictum, we may declare an unqualified admiration of the marvellous productions of which he was both the designer and engraver. He made himself an artist in spite of the stubborn opposition of his relatives; running away from home while yet a boy of thirteen, with the intention of finding his way to Rome, and running away a second time when brought back by force. Allowed at length to have his own way, he devoted himself heart and soul to the arts of design, and soon gave promise of excellence. After studying in Rome he went to Florence, where he was patronised by the Grand Duke. His first work of note was a remarkable set of etchings, called by him "Caprices," which appeared in 1617. They are examples of the extreme grotesque, are singularly humorous, are drawn with entire freedom and abandon, and although almost recklessly extravagant, are yet in a degree true to the manners of the period in which he lived. A finer and far more difficult work was his famous picture of "The Fair of the Impruneta," a fair then held annually in the outskirts of Florence. The picture embraces a wide space of ground, and is occupied with hundreds of diminutive figures, all engaged in the business and pastimes of the hour. The talent for grouping large masses which is here displayed is of the very first order, and led to Callot's being employed in the representation of great public ceremonies and warlike operations. On the death of Duke Cosmo II he returned to his native city, where, with the exception of some brief visits elsewhere, he remained to the end of his life. He employed himself constantly in the pursuits he loved best, and produced a great number of admirable specimens of the grotesque and humorous, which were also no less admirable as triumphs of the etcher's skill. The cleanness and delicacy of his outline are so refined that it would be impossible to give the reader a fair idea of them by means of wood-engraving; they must be seen to be appreciated, and they must be seen, too, by an eye educated to perceive the real difficulties and triumphs of the etcher's art. His latest works are accounted his best; among them are the two well-known series of plates representing the "Miseries of War," which were designed by him to commemorate the evils brought on his country by the French invasion. He died in 1635, at the age of forty-three.

Callot left many imitators behind him, the most notable of whom was Della Bella, who was born in 1610 and died in 1664. Though an imitator of Callot, he had much originality. He left a great number of works, the best of which are said to be the five plates of Death carrying away people of different ages.

Caricature hardly came into play in England until the time of the Civil War, and even then it was the pamphleteer more than the caricaturist who gave public expression to the popular feeling; the fact

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being that art in England was then in a wretchedly low state, and the ready talent of the caricaturist was wanting. One of the cleverest specimens which that era affords is an anonymous one, entitled "The Scots holding their young King's Nose to the Grindstone." It appeared in 1651, and its object is to ridicule the conditions which the Presbyterians exacted from the young Prince Charles before they offered him the crown. The picture exhibits Jack Presbyter holding the young king's nose to the revolving stone, which is turned by the Scots personified as Jockie. The picture is accompanied by some doggerel lines, expressing the English view of that notable event.

In Holland caricature had long flourished. The Dutch had artists and engravers when England had none, and their long quarrel with that detestable monster, Louis XIV, had instigated them to the fiercest use they could make of that ridicule which is sometimes more annoying to a despot than cold steel or batteries of artillery. Louis, it is said, stood more in awe of the Dutchman's pictorial wit than he did of his arms. Among the best of the Dutch caricaturists was Romain de Hooghe, who was of the school of Callot; he was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, and died early in the eighteenth. His reputation rests principally upon a series of plates executed in 1672, which represented the horrible atrocities committed in Holland by the French troops, and the publication of which raised against Louis XIV the indignation of all Europe. De Hooghe was patronised by William III, who, appreciating the value of satire as a political weapon, attached the artist to his interest. The best known works of De Hooghe are a number of large prints in which the King of France, and his *protégé* James II, and the adherents of the latter, are covered with ridicule.

It was doubtless the marriage of William of Orange with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, that gave the Dutch an interest they would not otherwise have felt in the affairs of Great Britain. The caricatures of De Hooghe and his co-operators had a larger circulation in Holland than they obtained here, as is evident from the fact that their titles and verbal applications, when such occurred, were in Dutch, and not in English, at least until several years had elapsed. King James II was a mark for Dutch wit and satire on account of his known attachment to Romanism, and even in the very year of his accession his queen and her confessor were ridiculed in a clever picture, in which the former is making confession on her knees to a wolf in the garb of a monk (see fig. 3). A print by De Hooghe, brought out after the flight of James to France, entitled "The Army of the League for the Establishment of the Jesuits," represents Louis and James, with both their heads joined together under one Jesuit's cap, both being mounted on a wild ass. Another figure in the same picture is Father Petre, the Jesuit, galloping away on the back of a lobster, and carrying the king's infant son in his arms. The child has a windmill on his head, an allusion to the alleged fact that he was really the son of a miller, and had been fraudulently palmed on the public as the offspring of the queen—a story that had no foundation. This figure may be taken as a fair specimen of the work of De Hooghe. On the back of the lobster, behind the Jesuit, is carried the Papal crown surmounted with a fleur-de-lis; in one

of his claws is the English Church service book, and in the other the book of the laws of England. In the Dutch description of the print the child is called "The new-born Antichrist."

The Dutch artists had no sympathy with or interest in the affairs of Dr. Sacheverell, which in 1710 and the few following years created such excitement in this country, and flooded the town with the first inundation of caricatures of a really popular kind. These productions had, however, very little artistic merit, though they told severely enough against the notorious doctor, and very few of them have been preserved. The Mississippi scheme, and the swarm of kindred bubbles to which it gave birth, were much more intelligible to the Hollanders than were the party turmoils of the Sacheverell business. Their keen practical instincts led them to see through the delusions of Law and his imitators, and they were not slow in deriding with jeers and sarcasm the infatuation of the multitudes hurrying to be rich, or in ridiculing them with pretended sympathy for the losses their folly and greed had entailed upon them. The Dutch prints on this subject were very numerous, and would fill volumes. One of the best, entitled "The Great Picture of Folly," represents a multitude of persons, of all ages and both sexes, acting the part of Atlas in supporting on their backs globes, which though made only of paper, had become, through the agitations of the Stock Exchange, heavier than gold. Law himself stands foremost, and requires the aid of Hercules to support his enormous burden. Another print of this class represents Law in the character of Don Quixote riding upon Sancho's donkey. He is hastening to his Dulcinea, who awaits him at the share-house, towards which the people are dragging his long-eared steed. The fiend sits behind Law, and holds by the ass's tail, while a shower of paper, in the form of shares in companies, is scattered around and scrambled for by the eager *actionnaires*. In front the animal is laden with money, into which this paper has been turned; the box bears the inscription "Bombardier's [Law's] gold chest," and the flag is inscribed, "I come, I come, Dulcinea."

None of these bubble caricatures were remarkable for their excellence. Far better than any of the Dutch productions was an engraving by the well-known Picart, which was re-engraved in London with English descriptions and applications. It is a general satire on the madness of the memorable year 1720. Folly appears as the charioteer of Fortune, whose car is drawn by the representatives of the numerous companies which had sprung up at this time, most of which appear to be more or less unsound. Many of these agents have the tails of foxes, "to show their policy and cunning," as the explanation informs us. The fiend is seen in the clouds above, blowing bubbles of soap, which mix with the paper that Fortune is distributing to the crowd. The picture is crowded with figures, scattered in groups, who are engaged in a variety of occupations connected with the great folly of the day.

We may consider that it was upon the great bubble agitation inaugurated by Law that English caricature first tried its "prentice hand." What it subsequently accomplished, and what modifications and changes it has undergone through the succeeding generations, we shall endeavour, though all too briefly, to point out in the following chapters.

ADVENTURES OF AN AERONAUT.

V.



RUFUS WELLS, AMERICAN AERONAUT.

IN 1864 I arrived in Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. There had been three attempts, about ten years before my visit, by M. Latet, a French aeronaut, to make an ascent with a heated-air balloon. Having failed twice, on the third trial the people, fearing he would fail again, put him into the car by force, and sent him up. He went a short distance, and then, like Don Quixote, he ran against a windmill, bursting his balloon and breaking his leg. The French people made up a subscription for him to return to France. His old aerostat was packed up in the windmill when I visited it. I made a contract with the Government to make three ascents on three consecutive days, the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of May. I constructed two balloons, one for gas and the other for fire; so that if an accident should happen to one, I could use the other. The ascents were to be made from the Plaza Victoria. I arranged to fill my gas balloon at the gas-works about a mile distant. In the centre of the square I built a small brick furnace to inflate my Montgolfier. As it was the first time that most of the inhabitants had ever had the chance of witnessing so extraordinary a sight, the Plaza was completely filled some time before two o'clock p.m., the hour fixed for the ascent. As very few of them knew that I had taken my balloon to fill at the gas-works, they came early with the expectation of seeing me inflate it on the Plaza. When they saw nothing of me or my aerostat, only the furnace, which they scrutinised, they began to think there would be a failure, as in the case of M. Latet. As soon as my balloon was inflated I stepped into the car, with plenty of ballast. Several men took hold of a long rope and pulled the aerostat to the square. When the public caught sight of me riding above the houses on entering the Plaza, there was tremendous clapping of hands and enthusiastic cheering, much

more so than there otherwise would have been, on account of my sudden and unexpected appearance. The men pulled the car to the earth. I got out, and went into a large building crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who received me very warmly. President Mitre, his wife and daughters, together with many of the higher class of society, shook hands with me, expressing a wish that no accident might take place on my voyage in the air. A young man from Brooklyn, New York, desired to go with me. I gave him the Argentine flag to wave, while I unfurled the Stars and Stripes.

Bidding adieu to our friends and the vast multitudes, we soared majestically above the city, amidst the almost frantic shouts of the people and the delightful music of the bands. We reached a height of nearly three miles, passing along near the great La Plata, which is thirty miles wide at that place, and made an easy descent about fifteen miles from the city. Having the river on one side, and the vast plains stretching to the Andes on the other, with a city beneath laid out as regularly as a chess-board with no very remarkable features, there was not very much to interest an aeronaut. Two men came on horseback to us, and fastened the guide rope to their horses, and towed us several miles towards the city, while we were comfortably seated in the car, a novel way of travelling in that part of the world. The wind rising against us, we were forced to let out the gas. If the wind had not interfered, we should have saved the gas for the next day.

On the 24th of May I was ready to ascend again, but the wind was towards the river, so that the committee of arrangements were unwilling that I should make the attempt. They told me to let a few ladies and gentlemen go up while a rope was fastened to the balloon. The people were so eager to have a ride

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that they overloaded the balloon, and had to be taken out by the police. The spectators, as well as those who participated, enjoyed the novelty exceedingly. The committee said it pleased the public as much as the free ascent on the first day. The next day was stormy, so that the ascent was postponed until June, when I tried to cross the La Plata, as the wind was favourable.

I inflated my balloon at the gas-works as I had on the former occasions, allowing some gentlemen to ride with me while being towed by the men along the bank of the La Plata to the Plaza Victoria. The weather was delightful and extremely propitious for the celebrations. Thousands who had heard of the other ascents came from a great distance, completely filling the Plaza early in the day. Many gentlemen were very desirous of ascending with me, and to take the chance of crossing the river in safety. I, however, refused, preferring to run the risk alone, with plenty of sand-bags instead of passengers. War was going on across the La Plata in Uruguay; fighting appeared to be as fashionable in that part of the world as in Mexico, where, if they do not see an account of a new revolution every morning in their journals, they think it must have been left out by mistake of the editor or printer. Some of the gentlemen who had friends engaged in the war asked me to carry letters to them. At first I consented, but Signor Pestilado, the Italian director of the opera, advised me not to do it, as I might get myself into difficulty, for I intended to make some ascents from Montevideo when the war was over, and I finally decided not to take the letters.

To see the result of the ascent, half of the population of Buenos Ayres rushed to the river, and a pier, built of wood and iron, extending several thousand feet into the water, was thronged with spectators. I received many salutes from the large number of vessels lying at anchor. I felt sure that I would land in one or two hours on the opposite shore. I was going in the direction of an island a few miles from Uruguay. I could see both sides of the river for more than a hundred miles up and down the mighty stream. Small fishing-boats were skimming along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the labouring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me. It continued to be a glorious day, the sun brilliantly shining in a cloudless sky, and pouring a flood of gorgeous splendour over the surrounding scene, as if proud of the realms he shone upon. While passing over the French mail steamer in port, they waved the tricolour, which I returned by saluting them with the star-spangled banner and the flag of the Argentine Republic. When about twenty miles on my voyage, suddenly the wind ceased entirely, leaving me suspended over the water. Whenever my aerostat lost its force I descended gradually near the water, then I threw out some sand, and rose again, continuing to do so until all my ballast was gone. I then cut away one anchor, and later the other, until I had only my car left. The setting sun seemed to melt away beyond the distant horizon, dissolving into a golden shower, and lighting up the western landscape with unearthly splendour. Something must be done, and that quickly. Not wishing to remain in the car in the water all night, and perhaps float out into the ocean, I concluded to cut it away. Putting on my life-belt, and securing a gas bag to the hoop, I placed myself on the circle and deliberately cut off every cord which

held my car. My aerostat mounted so rapidly that I soon saw the sun rising above the horizon in the west instead of the east. It was a glorious transfiguration of nature! The earth was now covered with darkness, while the golden rays of the sun shining upon the balloon, which had been recently varnished, caused it to appear like an asteroid to the people on the western shore, who were anxiously watching it. They were kind enough to throw rockets in the night, so that I might know my position. I expected to find a current in the higher region, which would take me either to one shore or the other. I was more than three miles high, and a light breeze from the ocean was carrying me up the river towards an island inhabited only by South American tigers. It was not an enviable situation to be in, yet I must acknowledge that I enjoyed it very much, believing, by the protection of a beneficent Providence, I would safely reach the land.

At the tremendous height to which I had swiftly risen, I soon began to feel the effects of the cold, and in a few minutes the cords which had been in the river were covered with ice. In the west I beheld a solitary cloud, like an angel, or a lovely bride, before the great white altar of the lofty Andes, as it were, blushing at the departing kiss of the setting sun. The light-house and the illuminations of Buenos Ayres appeared as though one of the bright constellations of heaven and the planet Venus had fallen beneath me; and like a spirit I was wandering in the unfathomable regions of space. After remaining half-an-hour sitting upon a rope tied across the concentrating hoop, with my gas bag suspended by a strong cord sixty feet in length, one end being well fastened to its nozzle and the other to the hoop, I commenced gradually to descend, on account of the condensation of the gas, through the coldness of the atmosphere, and its loss from the perviousness of the balloon. Now that the king of day had gone to pay a visit to his celestial majesty the Emperor of China, the queen of night appeared before me, as if to cheer my drooping spirits. Perhaps there is nothing more marvellously beautiful, or surpassingly romantic and sublime, than when in the silent hour of night we float along in the invisible and illimitable ocean of air with a cloudless heaven, while the silver orbs of the firmament or the bright rays of the full moon light up the enchanting scene, and cities are passing beneath us, whose brilliant illuminations appear like nebulous groups sweeping before the telescope. As I felt certain of taking a cold bath in the river, I was not particularly anxious just then to muse upon the beauties of nature. I did not find the bath as cold as I had anticipated (although it was winter there), in fact not nearly as cold as fifteen or twenty thousand feet above it. I now observed by the movement of the balloon while I was in the water up to my waist, that a light wind was coming from the east, which would probably carry me to the shore that I had left in the day. In order to keep the balloon dry, I tied my valve rope to the hoop, and taking the cord, having the large flat gas bag attached to it, into my hands, I let go of the circle, when the cord rapidly slipped through my hands until I came in contact with the sack, which was about half full of air, which formed a comfortable seat. To my surprise, I felt myself suddenly pulled out of the water by the aerostat, which had gained considerable ascensional force, while the cord was passing through my hands. I was carried several hundred feet in height, at the

same time whirling around like a top for some minutes by the untwisting of the cord, which was a new one; this being the first and only time that I was ever caught out of the water like a fish. I was a little fearful that the cord might break by untwisting too much, and give me a plunge bath in addition to my cold one, but I soon discovered that my shadow by moonlight was increasing in size on the face of the river, indicating unmistakably that I should shortly return to my bath. The wind now increasing in strength caused the balloon to act as a large sail, which towed me along quite rapidly over the stream, while I was seated upon the large flat bag, with my legs projecting in front with the rope between them. Now and then I was lifted a few feet out of the water as the wind became stronger, and sent dangling under the aerostat, and striking again the waves upon my back, when it required some exertion to regain my position upon the sack. Rockets were flying through the air every few minutes in the direction I was travelling. I could distinguish more plainly the dark outline of the shore, and presently felt my feet touch the bottom of the river, when in a few moments I was rapidly dragged upon the bank. Finding it impossible to stop the balloon, and not wishing to be injured or killed by coming against some object in the dark, I let go of the cord. Immediately the balloon was lost sight of, taking with it my overcoat and flags, which I had securely fastened to the net-work. I had been dragged about twenty miles over the water in a similar way to that of the Laplander with his sledge over the new-fallen snow.

Thus ended my last and hazardous ascent with the balloon Washington. I felt deeply thankful to Providence for preserving my life. The balloon went off towards the Andes, and I never heard of it again. I had left the Tiger Islands only a little on my right. I made my way to the nearest dwelling, where I found two ladies who had seen the balloon passing away. I told them, in the Spanish language, that I had just come out of the river, and explained what had happened to me. They invited me into their house, where I was introduced to Señor Justo, the husband of the elder and father to the younger lady, who introduced me to the other members of his family, and soon gave me a dry suit of clothes to exchange for my wet ones until they had time to dry. I gave a full description of my aerial voyage, which was taken down by one of the company, who happened to be editor of a Buenos Ayres journal, and this account was afterwards published in his newspaper. I had become somewhat benumbed by remaining more than two hours in the water; but after receiving a good supper from my kind host, I felt sufficiently revived to play a few games of chess with my friend the editor, while seated by a comfortable fire. He stated in his journal that what astonished him the most was to see me play a good game of chess, after having so recently such a thrilling and terrific experience. Finding myself safe upon *terra firma*, I looked upon it only as an episode from my ordinary ascents. There is no necessity of brooding over the past, it is far better to enjoy the present, and look well to the future. I learned that I was about twenty miles up the river from Buenos Ayres, near San Isidoro, the terminus of the railway which connected the two places. Señor Justo was an Englishman, born at Gibraltar; his wife a Spanish American lady. The next day, having thanked them for their generous hospitality, I bade,

reluctantly, Señor Justo, la Señora y las Señoritas *adios*, and took the train to return to the capital. At one of the stations the English engineer accidentally slipped from a step, and fell upon the iron rail, at the moment of starting, when the wheel immediately cut off one of his legs. This incident is one of the many which may show that we are just as liable to lose our lives by a little carelessness, under ordinary circumstances, as when exposed to great danger.

Signor Pestilado and many of the wealthy citizens proposed to make up for the loss of the aerostat, by giving me a benefit at the opera house. The exploit having created a tremendous excitement in the city, the house was filled, and I was enthusiastically called out several times before the audience. I now proposed to make another ascent, and descend with a parachute, using my Montgolfier. As usual, there was an immense crowd assembled on the day appointed. This balloon was very much larger than the Washington, and was named the Buenos Ayres, being seventy feet in height and fifty in diameter. In less than half-an-hour it was inflated, and the parachute attached. When standing upon a small board, with my rubber life-belts on me, the wind blowing towards the La Plata, I gave the men orders to let go the ropes, and I soon found that I was mounting with the swiftness of an eagle, above the rejoicing multitude. After saluting the public a few times with my hat and my flags, I looked up at the balloon, and to my great surprise I saw a small lad hanging in the net of the parachute. I perceived that it was now impossible for me to carry out my promise to the people, without, perhaps, killing one or both of us, in descending with the new machine, which they were all so anxiously expecting to see. I soon learned from the boy that he had been placed there against his will, as we are upon this planet. I knew there was no use grumbling about it, but philosophically to endeavour to extricate ourselves from the unpleasant and critical position in which we were so unexpectedly placed. He asked me to descend, as he said we were going over the river. I replied that he must put his arms round the closed parachute, and stick like a leech, and we would soon descend into the water. I was afraid that he might let go, and come tumbling down upon my head, and knock me off my board, killing us both; but he hung like a good fellow, while we went half a mile in height, and descended, twenty minutes later, a mile from the shore. I was plunged into the water until supported by my life-belts, the boy was held in the air by the force of the balloon, until a boat came to our rescue. Hundreds of people came out in boats to meet and greet us, and escort us to the long pier, which was crowded to excess by the populace, that rent the air with shouts of "Bravo machacho couragioso! Bravo los dos aeronautas Americanos intrepidos!" In explaining the incident, the lad said that he was pressed by the public, whom the police were unable to keep back, against the parachute, when unconsciously one of his feet passed through a mesh in the net which I had put over the machine, and he was suddenly carried up. His name was Antonio Premazzi, an Italian boy, fourteen years of age. He received several hundred dollars as presents from the different clubs and rich ladies and gentlemen. He was so well pleased with his novel trip that he wished me to make an aeronaut of him. I would have taken the brave little fellow, who had so unceremoniously become a hero, but he being an orphan apprenticed to a

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painter, his master was not willing to part with him. Although the committee were perfectly satisfied, and paid me for the ascent (it being another fête of the Government), some of the community, however, possessing more incredulity than wisdom, thought that I had taught or induced the lad to perform the feat in order not to descend with the parachute. As I felt somewhat piqued at their stupidity and ridiculous insinuations, I placed twenty thousand dollars, of their paper currency, in the hands of the editor of the journal "La Republica," stating that I would give it to twenty poor families if I failed to descend another time with my parachute, provided an equal amount should be given by those who doubted my ability or courage. As the faultfinders were unwilling to stake their money, I did not descend. I then built a mammoth gas balloon, called the Republicas Americanas, with which I proposed to make a voyage over the Andes, starting from Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, Santiago, Valparaiso, or Lima. This machine was completed except varnishing, and transported to Brazil, where I expected to use it during the grand fêtes in honour of the marriage of the Crown Princess Isabella with Count D'Eu. The principal fear that I should have in scaling the Andes would be the possibility of coming down among the savages that inhabit the vast forests on either side.

LONDON BOARD SCHOOLS.

OUR readers have had a very clear and authentic summary of the work of the London School Board up to the beginning of the year 1875. To the Chairman of the Board, Sir Charles Reed, we are indebted for this summary, and also for an interesting statement of the work of the various committees of the Board, which must be valuable for guidance or comparison in other parts of the country.

A great work has been already achieved by the School Board, and the operation of "Mr. Forster's Act" marks a notable era in the history of education in England.

It must not, however, be supposed that the School Board system meets with universal approval, or that the undoubted good effected by it is not attended by some undoubted evils. We do not refer here to the controversies about denominational and undenominational schools, or about religious and secular teaching, but we allude to certain matters attending the whole system of education under School Boards, especially in London.

In the first place, there are many who object strongly to the compulsory system. It is true that compulsion is permissive, that is, each town may decide whether the compulsory clauses of the Act are to be used. But, practically, the system of compulsion has been introduced under School Boards. This is an interference with personal liberty and parental rights, which it would require strong reasons to justify. This is not the place to discuss the arguments on this matter; those who object to compulsion must try to influence opinion in their own localities. It is certainly a hard measure that a parent who prefers sending his children to a "dame's school," or other uncertificated school, and cannot well afford for each ninepence a week, which lifts him above the range of the Act, should be liable to fine and imprisonment.

Some parents object to their children associating with the crowds of other children, many of them of the lowest grade, from whom they may learn more evil, than good from the teachers. Others may fear the greater risk of contagion in crowds. Others may value for their children the moral training best obtained in small schools, to the intellectual drilling best gained at the large schools. Whatever may be the motive, too rigid rules of compulsion should not be enforced, but magistrates ought to have and to use discretionary powers in special cases.

Why should a conscientious and intelligent working man not have the right to judge what is best for the upbringing of his family as well as a rich parent in Belgravia? Why should a poor widow, with a large family, be compelled to send away her eldest girl, "the little mother," twelve years old, and have to hire a stranger? The visitor or magistrate, if satisfied that the poor parent is upright and intelligent, and is not shirking the education of the children for improper purposes, ought to protect rightful liberty. A case is reported, in which a woman was threatened with loss of outdoor relief if she did not send her eldest girl to school. This poor woman had five children, to support whom she had to work hard, her husband being in a lunatic asylum. She needed the help of the eldest girl to mind the two youngest. The School Board official wished to force her to the workhouse so as to get the little nurse to school, where two of the children already were.

Again, great hardship has been done in some cases to the owners and conductors of private schools. Such hardships are inevitable in every great public change, but the Boards, through their Visitors or Committees, ought to examine such cases. A poor schoolmaster this spring actually died of starvation, his pupils having fallen away from the opening of the Board Schools. Power might be given to the Board to allow some compensation or gratuity out of the rates to *worthy* teachers whose means of living have been abruptly destroyed, so as not to throw them on the workhouse.

Much more might be said, but this will suffice to show that the working of the Board system is not free from difficulty. Some think that too much has been attempted, and that the efforts of the Government should have been limited to those children to whom the State stands *in loco parentis*. They think that an extensive and more thorough organisation of Workhouse and Union Schools would have met all that was absolutely called for. In interfering with the education of classes above paupers, they think that Government overstepped its proper function, just as some fanatical people think the Government has no right to interfere with parental rights in enforcing vaccination. In both cases, the good of the community must prevail over private opinions.

However this may be, it is too late to go back now, and the only wise course is to remove abuses and secure improvements in the administration of the existing law. The School boards should see that their Visitors act with prudence and tenderness, and they should obtain power to deal equitably with cases which would involve hardship if dealt with according to the mere letter of the law. If this is not attended to, there will be diffused among the working classes a sense of unfairness and wrong, which may interfere seriously with the success of their great work.

Varieties.

DOING UP ONE'S HOUSE.—The principal reason why so many people dread having their houses done up is that the object of each tradesman employed seems to be to make work for some other tradesman. The whitewasher forgets to cover up the steel grate in the drawing-room when he is doing the ceiling. The housemaid is so busy flirting with him and listening to the words of the last comic song which he is trying to teach her, that she neglects to remove the fender and fire-irons. Grate, fender, and fire-irons are completely spoilt, and have to be sent away and repolished at considerable expense. The whitewasher also manages to clog the bellwires so that the bells will not ring. The bellhanger must therefore be sent for. He leaves dirty fingermarks upon the cornice where he has loosened the cranks, and round the china handles where he tries the bells. Perhaps he breaks one of the handles. It cannot be matched, so two new ones must be bought, and another tradesman brought in to put them on. The paperhanger possibly uses bad size on the wall, and makes his paste of damaged flour; consequently, when the room is again inhabited it has a mysterious but most offensive smell. Perhaps he does not take the trouble to remove the old paper before putting on the new one, in which case pastiles may be burnt and windows opened, but all in vain—the smell will remain. The painter does not sufficiently rub down or burn off the old paint before he puts on the new. He sometimes even covers the old doors with size to save himself trouble and make a surface. He is almost always careless with his first coat—a carelessness he cannot afterwards repair. It is not uncommon, as soon as the new paint is quite dry, and has been under the influence of either sunshine or a hot fire, to see it starting off in pieces at the slightest touch and leaving the light under-colour visible. If not carefully watched, the painter will put his pots on one of our best tables, making on it a fine confused pattern of circles, great and small. In consequence of his carelessness, the French polisher has to be called in. The painter is quite satisfied, having done his part towards the encouragement of trade. In giving the hall door a fresh coat he lets drops fall on the step which no French polisher or English housemaid could, with any quantity of fuller's earth, whiten or remove. He walks up and down the oilcloth in the hall with nailed boots, and gives it the appearance of having recently recovered from a severe attack of smallpox. His sympathies are with the makers of oil-cloth, not the buyers thereof, so he is rather pleased. It is not uncommon for a bill to be sent in charging for four coats of paint when only two have been put on; perhaps in some cases there may have been three thin paintings and a little chalk mixed with the white lead. Common oak varnish will be charged as best copal, and the bad cotton rope with which the window sashes are mended as best hemp line. Strange to say, there are people who honestly love the house-painter. Men of supposed taste still have their hall doors grained in a bad imitation of oak or maple, and prefer paint on their stairs to stained and varnished wood. The reason why builders so love paint and varnish is that it hides bad wood, and insures to them and their successors work for ever. If some substitute for whitewash in ceilings could be found which would wash, they would lose thousands a year. They set their faces against the varnished papers which some people have adopted, and which are certainly a help to cleanliness at small cost, as they bear washing. They detest marquetry floors with rugs, as there are not then heavy carpets to take up and nail down, and tear also, as we know to our cost.—*Saturday Review.*

POISONING BY SHOT IN BOTTLES.—"Many years ago my father, who was a physician and whose medical pupil I then was, was called to see a farmer's wife whose case baffled the usual medical attendant. My father pronounced it to be a case of lead poisoning. A minute inquiry was at once instituted into the water, food-cooking utensils, etc., but nothing was discovered which could in any way corroborate my father's assumption. The poor woman had been ill a week or two before my father was called in; she lingered some little time after, and died. We attended the funeral, and after the funeral her husband signified a wish to see my father as he had something to show him. It was a bottle of cider which had been half emptied, and which he had found in the cupboard, and of the contents of which his wife had partaken just before she was taken ill, and which fact he had entirely forgotten until he had seen the bottle in the cupboard the day before the funeral. The mystery was solved. At the bottom of the bottle was a quantity of shot all crusted over by the action of the cider, and the cause of death at once was made evident."

GOATS.—The remarks of Lady Burdett Coutts on the keeping of goats are worthy of some attention. No doubt many persons might easily keep a goat or two at very little expense. The milk they give contains slightly more fat and sugar than cow's milk, otherwise it is almost identical with it. A fair yield for a goat when in full profit is about three pints per day, and in a domesticated state the female will breed about thrice in two years. They are very hardy animals, and good foragers. They consume a great variety of plants that the cow and the sheep reject. The refuse of garden vegetables, and even the weeds and thistles of the garden, they will eat with avidity. They stand confinement well, and can be kept in an outhouse or small back-yard in good health, if supplied with proper food. They may be tethered on any small plot of ground, for, although by nature of a roving disposition, they are very soon taught to cheerfully submit to have their range of pasture limited by rope and staple. Persons living in small country houses or suburban villas we trust will consider Lady Burdett Coutts's timely suggestion. The rich will do well to follow her example, and encourage our cottage peasantry to devote more attention to the rearing and feeding of animals.—*The Farmer.*

MENNONITE EMIGRATION.—In order to avoid military conscription for the Russian army, a large number of the sect called Mennonites, apparently resembling our Quakers, have emigrated to America. A correspondent of the "Friend" in the United States says, "The number who emigrated last year were not less than 5,000, and at least as many are expected during the present year. The circumstances of these vary in several respects: some are fairly well-to-do, others very poor; some got off early in the year, and were settled in their new homes in the Far West in good season before winter; others, through the cruel delay of their passports in Russia, arrived in late autumn, and even in winter, with barely time, in case of the former, to erect rude sod-houses for shelter, and none to prepare crops for the coming season. Both among themselves and their co-religionists in Canada and the States, a very brotherly spirit of mutual help and charity has been manifested. In Canada and the States the Mennonites have raised about 40,000 dollars in each country, which has already been absorbed, chiefly in assisting to defray transit expenses."

GALILEO AND THE PAPACY.—It is generally believed that the doctrine of Galileo about the movement of the earth was condemned by Rome, and that the philosopher suffered on account of his belief. If he did, the best excuse for his persecutors is that it was an age of intolerance, and that persecution for opinions and beliefs was not unknown among Protestants down to a far later period. But Mr. R. F. Clarke, of the new "Catholic University," Kensington, affirms (1) that Galileo was never condemned by the supreme authority of the Church, viz., "the Roman Pontiff, speaking officially and as Head of the Church;" and (2) the decrees of condemnation, though in the Pope's name, were issued by subordinate tribunals, and were reversed by subsequent Popes. Mr. Clarke's merits as Professor of Natural Science we do not know, but he is a master of casuistry. The denial of received facts of history is not uncommon with Roman Catholic advocates in our day. We have seen a book in which the Gunpowder Treason was denied, the only admission being that some political plot was discovered, and falsely set down to the Church of Rome. We are now to believe that the Papal See has always been the friend and patron of physical science. Does Professor Clarke think the Papal syllabus of Pius IX is unknown in England?

EDUCATIONAL HINT.—Nothing is of more value in education than this—to make a point of opening the child's eyes to take an interest in the world around him. Teach him, if a country boy, to know the birds, their nests, eggs, and notes, the flowers, the insects; teach him to understand different soils and the breeds of cattle; teach him to know the planets. You can do all this at mere odds and ends of time, and you have opened springs of pure enjoyment in his soul. And even a London boy may be supplied with a continual and agreeable excitement of mind, if you teach him to study thoroughly the architecture of the houses and other buildings, in which an infinite variety (chiefly, indeed, of ugliness) may be found. But most of all, you should open his eyes to the great subject of horses; once teach him to discern between good and evil in horses, and to look at every horse that goes by, and pass a rapid judgment on it, and you have turned his dull walks into a perpetual feast.—*Charles Buxton, "Notes of Thought."*



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